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OF
THE REPUBLICAN
ARE VERY REASONABLE AND
CIRCULATION IS VERY LARGE.
WE DO JOB WORK
OF
Every Kind.
VOL. VII.

THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PARTY IN THE FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.
HARTFORD, KY., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1894.

HAVE YOU PAID
YOUR SUBSCRIPTION?
THIS TAG
Will show how you stand with
The Republican. Pay up and
one year in Advance and we
will send you The Louisville
Weekly Commercial one year
free. Subscribe at once.
NO. 8.

IVORY SOAP
99 1/2% PURE
DON'T ACCEPT IMITATIONS.
THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINT.

**ANYWHERE!
EVERYWHERE!**
SUMMER EXCURSION
TICKETS ON SALE VIA THE
**Chesapeake, Ohio & Southwestern
RAILROAD.**
To the Springs and Mountains of Virginia.
To the Lakes and Woods of the North.
To the Seashore and the Ocean.
TO ALL THE PROMINENT RESORTS
— IN THE —
UNITED STATES AND CANADA
AS WELL AS TO THE
Pleasant Spots near Home:
**GRAYSON SPRINGS,
DAWSON SPRINGS,
CRITTENDEN SPRINGS,
CERULEAN SPRINGS,**
Famous for their Social, Healthful, and Economic
Advantages.
LOCAL SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS
are on sale between all stations within a dis-
tance of fifty miles, and
WEEK END TICKETS will be sold to Louis-
ville, Memphis, and Paducah, from points in
the vicinity of those cities.
Rates, schedules and all information regarding
a trip in any direction will be furnished on ap-
plication to any agent of the
Chesapeake, Ohio & Southwestern R. R.
and are on request books, pamphlets, or any
advertising matter, directing any particular re-
sult or results, can procure same by writing to
any of the following:
J. J. DONOVAN, General Ticket Agent,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
T. B. LYNCH, Gen'l Ticket Agent,
Baltimore, Md.
G. J. GRAMMER, Asst. Gen'l Manager,
Hartford, Ky.

Cotton Belt Route
(St. Louis Southwestern Ry.)
— TO —
Arkansas, Texas
THE ONLY LINE
With through Car Service from
MEMPHIS TO TEXAS.

No change of Cars to
**ST. WORTH, WACO
OR INTERMEDIATE POINTS.**

TWO DAILY TRAINS
Carrying through Coaches and
Pullman Sleepers. Traversing the
finest farming, grazing and timber
lands. And reaching the most prom-
inent towns and cities in the
Great Southwest.

FARMING LANDS. — Yielding
abundantly all the cereals, corn and
cotton, and especially adapted to the
cultivation of small fruits and early
vegetables.

GRAZING LANDS. — Affording
excellent pasturage during almost the
entire year, and comparatively close
to the great markets.

TIMBER LANDS. — Covered with
almost inexhaustible forests of yellow
pine, cypress and the hard woods
common to Arkansas and Eastern
Texas.
Can be procured on reasonable and
advantageous terms.

All lines connect with and have tick-
ets on sale via the
Cotton Belt Route

Ask your nearest Ticket Agent for
maps, time tables, etc., and write to
any of the following for all infor-
mation you may desire concerning the
trip to the Great Southwest.

R. T. G. MATTHEWS,
Dist. Pass. Agt., Louisville, Ky.
E. W. LABEAUME,
G. P. & Tkt. Agt., St. Louis, Mo.
J. A. EDSON,
Gen'l Supt., Texarkana, Tex.

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prompt answer and on terms of con-
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HUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years'
experience in the preparation of
specifications, claims, and drawings of
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as to the best way to protect your
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No. 100 Broadway, New York City.
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best arrangement of any scientific work in the
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tiful plates, in color, and photographs of new
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latest designs and latest contrivances. Address
HUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 100 BROADWAY.

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BUCKEYE PLE
+ OINTMENT +
CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.**
A SURE AND CERTAIN CURE
known for 15 years as the BEST
REMEDY FOR PILES.
Prepared by RICHARDSON BROTHERS CO., ST. LOUIS.

UNIQUE PROFESSORSHIPS.

Not All the Learning in the Land
is Housed in Colleges.
A Once Honored Title That is No Longer
Distinctive—Some Interesting and
Amusing Stories of These
Later-Day Professors.

Nowadays the professors in our
colleges would do well to be ad-
dressed simply as "Mr. Smith," "Mr.
Jones," the title "professor" being
no longer distinctive.

A short time ago, as I walked
through the hall leading to my
boarding house bedroom, I was sur-
prised to see the door open and a
man on his knees in the corner. I
inquired of the chambermaid why he
was there.

"Oh, he's all right," she answered.
"He's Prof. Wilkins."

Prof. Wilkins! Had the man sud-
denly gone mad? or had he discov-
ered some new specimen of animated
nature in my department?

"Why did you bring him up
here?" I asked. "I always wish to
have callers wait for me in the par-
lor."

"Oh," giggled the girl, "what
would he be in the parlor for? He's
Prof. Wilkins, the mouse man. Some
of the boarders complained there
was mice in the house, and he's look-
ing for them."

When I interviewed Prof. Wilkins,
he informed me that he was a pro-
fessor of rodentology, and I found
that his mind really had a scientific
turn. He gave me some interesting
facts in connection with the mouse-
catching business. One tale was of
a lady who was sued by her maid
for damages, because in her terror
at discovering a mouse in a sugar
basin, she had flung mouse, sugar
and basin at the girl's head.

Another story illustrated the in-
fluence of certain conditions on
dreams. The professor assured me
that one of his customers dreamed
of mice whenever she ate cheese!

On the register of a hotel in a
western town I read: "Prof. Pek-
kins and staff." A geological sur-
vey was in progress. Probably, I
reflected, Prof. Pekkins was con-
ducting it.

That night, through the transom
of my door, I heard an unusually
penetrating voice instructing a class,
but the subject was not geology.
The stranger was giving points to
his agents on setting forth the mer-
its of a certain soap. The principal
point was the purity of the ingredi-
ents. The oil used was of such
quality that in the soap factory, at
the lunch hour, the operatives left
the butter provided for them, pre-
ferring to dip their bread in the
sweet and delicious oil. This was no
reflection on the butter, which was
best creamery.

I was so interested in this stranger
that I inquired of the clerk: "Who
has the room opposite mine?"

"Prof. Pekkins and two of his
staff."

Prof. Pekkins was a professor of
savonology!

Prof. Null, tonsorial artist, lives
across the border. Shortly after his
marriage, walking with his dark-
skinned bride, he met a customer—
one of the Four Hundred of this
city. "Mistah Blankins," he ex-
claimed, blocking the way of the as-
tonished man, "Mistah Blankins,
pamish me to intubulate Mrs. Pro-
cessah Null. Mrs. Processah Null,
Mistah Blankins." — Kate Field's
Washington.

ALL FOR A POSTAGE STAMP.

How the Rule of the Dead Letter Of-
fice Worked in One Instance.

The rule of the dead letter office is
to return all missent letters which are
found to contain money. But blind
obedience to this rule is the basis of
an entertaining story. A boy in the
Indian school on the Skokomish reser-
vation, which is about three miles
from the post office of Union City,
Wash., wrote a letter to his brother
at Seaback some time ago, inclosing
in it a small sum of money.

He also wrote on the envelope that
if it should not be delivered in proper
time it was to be returned to the
writer. His brother did not call for
it and it was returned to Union City.
The postmaster there had not heard



THE VERY BEST TIME
to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Dis-
covery is now. If you feel that your blood is out
of order. Don't wait until you have to cure
disease; it's easier and better to prevent it.
With the first blotches or eruptions, or the
dullness, weariness, and depression that are
signs of the system, you need this medi-
cine. It will rouse every organ into healthy
action, thoroughly cleanse and repair your
system, and build up needed flesh, bone,
and strength. It's the only guaranteed blood
purer. In the most stubborn skin or
scalp affections, in the worst forms of Scrofu-
la; in every disease caused by a torpid liver
or impure blood—if it ever fails to benefit or
cure, you have your money back.
No substitute urged by a tricky dealer,
though it may be better for him to sell, can
be "just as good" for you to buy.
A certain and lasting cure, for the worst
Catarrh in the Head, is guaranteed by the
makers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

of the boy, and on inquiry failed to
find him. Accordingly he sent the
letter to the dead letter office.

On arrival here it was opened, and
it had money in it; it was returned
to Union City with a long letter of
instructions to find the writer if pos-
sible. After inquiry the boy was at
last found and was requested to go
in person, claim the letter and re-
ceipt for it, and the postmaster had
to go through as much red tape as if
the letter contained one thousand
dollars. The joke becomes evident
when it is known that the money in
the letter amounted to only a one-cent
postage stamp and a copper
cent.—N. Y. Tribune.

Horse Sense.

When a man has exhausted argu-
ment to support a decent horse re-
spects to wagers and vituperation. Bluff
is an old game, but usually a losing
one.—Medical Age.

An English Charity.

The English custom of almsgiving
is, on Thursday of holy week, to
give money, food and clothing to as
many persons as the sovereign is
being thus annually increased by
one. The custom was begun by Ed-
ward III., in 1353, when he was fifty
years old, and is continued without
change to the present day.

Too Much Science in the Beer.

A good tale is told of the late Prof.
Tyndall about the time he was a
master at Queenwood college, Hants.
The village innkeeper had a capital
tap of home-brewed old-fashioned
ale, which the educational staff much
favored. Years passed on, but the
secret of the roses remained, and
when the professor ran over to look
once more at his starting point in
life he went down for a glass of the
well-remembered brew. "Sinapkin-
son," said he, after a delicious
draught, "I never had any beer like
yours since I went away." "No, sir;
nowadays they put too much science
into beer 'stead of malt and hops."
—Food and Sanitation.

Public Speaking.

B. L. D. Guffy, Republican candi-
date for Judge of the Court of Ap-
peals in the 2d District, will address
the people at the following times and
places, viz:

Leitchfield, Grayson county, Sep-
tember 20th, 1894.

McDaniels, Breckenridge county,
Friday, September 21st.

Hartsville, Breckenridge county,
Saturday, Sept. 22d.

Cloverport, Breckenridge county,
Saturday night, Sept. 22d.

Brandenburg, Meade county, Mon-
day, Sept. 24th.

Hawesville, Hancock county, Tues-
day, September 25th.

Owensboro, Daviess county, Wed-
nesday, September 26th.

Calhoun, McLean county, Thurs-
day, Sept. 27th.

Livermore, McLean county, Fri-
day, September 28th.

South Carrollton, Muhlenberg
county, Saturday, Sept. 29th.

Central City at night.

Speaking will commence at one
o'clock p. m., at each place except
Cloverport and Central City, where
the speaking will commence at 7 p. m.

MORGANTOWN, Ky., Aug. 28.
Capt. D. C. Walker, Ch'm'n Dem.
Dist. Com., Franklin, Ky., Dear
Sir:—If agreeable with Judge W. L.
Reeves and his friends a joint discus-
sion is desired between him and Judge
B. L. D. Guffy. Will you at your
earliest convenience consult Judge
Reeves and agree on some friend
who, with a friend of Judge Guffy,
shall agree upon a list of appoint-
ments to begin not later than the
15th of September, 1894.

An early answer is requested.
Your obedient servant,
W. S. TAYLOR,
Ch'm'n Rep. Dis. Com.

The foregoing letter was mailed to
Capt. Walker twenty-ninth of Au-
gust, last. It has not been answered,
hence the above list of appointments
for Judge Guffy has been made.

W. S. TAYLOR.
September 8, 1894.

STANLEY.
We need rain very much, though
crops are good for the season.

Mr. Masterson, who has charge of
the axe handle department of Shef-
fers' grist mill, is pushing things rap-
idly. He is going to add another
saw soon. He gets up three car loads
each month.

Dr. L. T. Cox has sold his farm to
the Thompson Bros., and contem-
plates going into the drug business.

Birk & Washburn, the new dry
goods and grocery men, are doing a
big business.

The Baptist Church here is almost
completed. Bro. Bristol held services
here the first Sunday.

Mr. C. C. Bennett, of Owensboro,
has moved to our little town and will
soon build on the farm he recently
bought near this place.

ure of hearing Hon. Bill Ellis deliver
a speech in behalf of the Democratic
party, in which he said that Congress
had fulfilled every pledge in the Chi-
cago platform in which they said free
trade. What about sugar, which un-
der the McKinley bill was free and
under the Wilson law 40c tariff.

Owing to the dry weather Smith &
Cambro have had quite a failure in
the watermelon business, only had
thirty-five acres planted and yield was
short.

The farmers are busy cutting to-
bacco.

SAVED BY A GIRL.

"Yes, my hair is white for a man
of my years," said he, running his
shapely fingers through the snow-
white locks. "But then I have seen
a great deal of the world, you know.
Sometimes I think it would have
been better if I had not."

"But what caused your hair to
turn so white? It cannot be age,
for, if I am a judge, you are not over
forty."

The major laughed.
"No, I was forty on my last
birthday, and my hair has been its
present shade for the last ten years."

"Come, major, I'm sure there is a
story here. Let's have it."

Again the major smiled, but this
time a perceptible tremor shook his
frame.

"I never like to think of that
time," he said. "But be it as you
will. Have a fresh cigar; you will
need it to strengthen your nerves,
I'm very sure."

"When I was thirty years old I was
employed by Uncle Sam to scour the
country for moonshiners. My terri-
tory lay mostly in the southern
states. It was in 1881 that I re-
ceived an order from the chief of the
division to go into the Tennessee
region and locate several stills that
were turning out kegs of illicit
liquor near Little Tucksee. I was
of a light-hearted, dare-devil dispo-
sition, and usually such an order
would have spurred me to my best;
but on this September morning,
when, leaving civilization behind, I
struck the trail leading up the side
of Little Tucksee, a strange feeling
of foreboding came over me. The
birds twittered about my head, and
the purring brook rippled beneath
my feet. All nature was at her
best, and yet a feeling of indescrib-
able dread oppressed me.

"On I stumbled, deep in my
gloomy meditations, when suddenly
I nearly fell over a girl, clad in a
single calico garment, who was
kneeling beside a hawberry bush fill-
ing a pull with the fruit. The sur-
prise was mutual and she started up
like a frightened fawn. Without
disparagement of the sex I can safely
say that no plainer women exist
on the continent than the average
female moonshiner. As the girl
turned, however, she displayed a
face in pleasing contrast with the
characteristic high cheek bones and
'ague' complexion of that section.
Her oval features, brown as a berry,
but regular in outline, set off by a
pair of ruby lips and jet black eyes,
would compare favorably with those
of any fashionable belle.

"What be you un-a-going?" she
asked, with a startled air.

"I'm called artist," I replied, "come
to sketch some bits of scenery. I
am looking for Jerry Bowman."

"What you want w' him?"

"I am going to board at his
house."

"Huh! Then you un wants Ole
Hoss?"

"I was uncertain, but nodded.
By this time I had drawn a pad from
my pocket and began making hur-
ried marks on it. The girl peered
over my shoulder and asked:

"How long be you un-a-going ter
stay?"

"Just over night," I replied.

"She gazed at the scroll and said:
"Wall, I guess you un can come
on."

"Up the tortuous path, twisting
now to the right and now to the left,
we went, till suddenly the girl
pushed aside the thick undergrowth
and darted along a trail leading di-
rectly into the heart of the forest. I
said not a word, but did considera-
ble thinking, as now and then a pro-
truding hawberry briar tore its way
into my flesh, or a stiff twig bent
forward by my guide, with a 'tip'
flew back, striking me across the
face. Suddenly I heard a howling
shriek. The girl gave a low, pecu-
liar whistle, and the next instant
four large curs were pawing at her
feet, and in a most uncomfortable
manner sniffing at my heels.

"This is pap," the girl whispered.
"This is Ole Hoss, the man you un is
a-lookin' fur."

"Whence he came and how he got
there I was never able to explain to
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"I am an artist," I replied, "and
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"Jim's friends are mine," he
said, with a sidelong glance. "Come
on."

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expected. Jerry, or Ole Hoss, was
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"As we emerged from the wood
into the clearing, a lank, slab-sided
specimen of humanity approached;
he was about to speak to Jerry when
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denly turned away. There was
something familiar in his features,
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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

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something familiar in his features,
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"Old Hoss" passed on and I fol-
lowed him into his cabin. It was a
small affair with two rooms.

"One we uns live in," he ex-
plained, "an the wimmon sleeps in
t'other."

"Where do the men sleep?" I in-
quired.

"Oh, we uns bunk down thar in
ther corner."

"The 'wimmon folks' retired early
that night, and I sought rest on a
blanket that had evidently seen sev-
eral summers and innumerable hard
frosts. I was very tired, and, though
I intended to rise when all was quiet
and take a view of the premises, I
fell asleep.

"I was awakened by the pressure
of something cold against my fore-
head, and, opening my eyes, looked
into the muzzle of a revolver, while
the voice of my host said:

"Ef yer moves a hand, off goes
yer topknot!"

"What does this mean?" I de-
manded, in my sternest tones.

"It means that we uns are onto
you un—that's all."

"Several other figures now stood
over my couch, and my genial host
said:

"Wall, shall we uns finish him
now, or wait?"

"Le's take him outside," one sug-
gested.

"After they had bound me hand
and foot I was carried into the open
air. A short consultation was held,
and I caught the words, 'down ter
ther hut.'

"Naw," said one brawny fellow,
"he ain't bad es that. Besides, Pete
may be mistaken."

"It ain't too much," asserted my
host. "It's jest what he deserves,
and it'll prove an example to the
others."

"There was some more discussion;
then I was informed that on my ar-
rival Pete Sandford, a member of
the gang, whose still I had aided in
destroying some time previously,
but who had escaped from the officers,
had recognized me as a de-
tective who had come under the
guise of friendship to land them all
in prison, and that I was to be left
in the hut.

"This failed to strike terror to my
soul, however, as I supposed they
would merely leave me there over-
night, and I should then have a pos-
sible chance of escape. Had I known
the true nature of my punishment I
would have begged my captors to
mercifully put a bullet through my
brain.

"They carried me to the hut, and
one of the men carefully opened the
door and peered in. He took a torch
and thoroughly inspected every
nook, before entering. Finally,
bound hand and foot, I was laid on
a pile of husks in one corner. Then
the men departed without even